

## THE LEGISLATURE.

Routine Proceedings of the Senate and House.

## THE SENATE HAS A BUSY DAY.

A Large Number of Bills Passed, Including the Measure in Relation to the West Virginia Humane Society. The House Adopts Delegate McLean's Hotel Bill—School Text Book Bill Advanced to its Third Reading in the House.

## Special Dispatch to the Intelligencer.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Feb. 17.—The senate was opened with prayer by Rev. T. C. Johnson.

House joint resolution No. 17, proposing an amendment to the constitution, was read a third time, and announcement of the vote was postponed until to-morrow at 2 o'clock.

A communication from the house notified the senate that the body refused to concur in the amendments to the bill No. 20, providing for the re-assessment of the value of all real estate. The senate appointed a conference committee, composed of Past, Farr and Kidd.

Senate bill No. 10, for the taxation of telegraph, telephone and express and pipe line companies, came up as a special order, and was made a special order for 10:30 o'clock Monday morning.

Senate bill No. 114, amending the act relating to appeals to the supreme court of appeals, was passed.

House bill No. 71, to amend the acts concerning power of the county courts in relation to roads and bridges, was passed.

House bill No. 202, relating to re-location of county seats, was taken up on its first reading, and under a suspension of the rules was read a second and third time, and passed.

House bill No. 6, appropriating \$5,000 to the West Virginia Humane Society.

Senate bill No. 123, pertaining to the Grifton school district, and house bill No. 60, for the lease of the Berkeley Springs property, were advanced to their third reading.

Senate bill No. 154, pertaining to incorporation and taxation of companies, was advanced to its third reading, and under suspension of the rules, was passed.

House bill No. 15, amending the Hinton charter, was passed; also house bill No. 57, changing the time for holding courts in the eighth judicial circuit.

Bill were advanced to their third reading, as follows: House bill No. 77, for the relief of sureties on the official bond of J. M. Poll, late sheriff of Jackson county; senate bill No. 124, concerning state licenses; senate bill No. 125, concerning the taxation of companies; house bill No. 51, the valued policy insurance measure; senate bill 121, re-assessment of real estate, which has been affected in value by oil and gas and other developments; house bill No. 29, making certain secular days legal holidays; senate bill No. 65, to create a school text book commission; house bill No. 25, making notes falling due on holidays, payable on the following day.

In the house the committee on private corporations and joint stock companies reported adversely on senate bill No. 18, providing for the assessment of the value of buildings and joint stock companies, and for the assessment of the stock of such associations, held by persons residing in this state.

The substitute for house bill No. 157, providing for the adoption of a series of text books for use in the public schools of the state, was called up on a special order, and after a rather lengthy discussion was advanced to its third reading.

House bill No. 61, to limit the liabilities of hotel keepers, in case of loss of property to guests, house bill No. 105, prohibiting the employment of children under thirteen years of age in manufacturing establishments, and house bill No. 78, to amend section 50, of chapter 45, of the Code, relating to the duties of the board of regents of the West Virginia University, were read a third time and passed.

The following house bills were passed in the afternoon: No. 86, to protect the use of tobacco in churches; No. 87, to increase the powers of mayors for the suppression of crime; No. 89, fixing penalties for reckless destruction of railroad, telegraph or telephone companies; No. 145, rendering state checks void, unless presented within three years; No. 208, for the employment of a stenographer by the governor; the supreme court; No. 94, amending the law relating to ventilation and drainage of coal mines; No. 153, making the maximum imprisonment for failure to pay a fine, one year; No. 163, requiring county courts to keep records of bonds and stocks; No. 29, relating to assessment districts in the several counties; No. 170, authorizing the town of Spencer to sell the McKown burying ground; No. 174, authorizing justices of the peace to appoint special constables; No. 182, for the publication of financial statements of the various counties; No. 185, to prevent horse trading within a mile of where fairs are being held; No. 229, amending the act of 1881, providing for the Potomac and Piedmont Coal and Railway Company.

Do You Believe What Wheeling People Say?

We quote here proof and fact, for what you have been crying for, for years. You have always complained about the publishing of these in other cities or states. Now we give you the names and addresses of people living at home. If you complain you are a chronic grumbler. We have a right to state you so. Home proof must be read soon. Mrs. L. H. Miller, No. 16, Sixteenth street, this city, says: "I was suffering from kidney trouble for several years. The pains in my back would be so severe at times that I could hardly get up or down or attend to my household duties. I became nervous and sleepless and was subject to head aches. I tried several different kinds of medicine, but none of it ever did me any good until I was advised to try Morrow's Kidney-cure, and was told that a house full of them should be read for cure or would refund the money. So I got some from him and was cured in a very short time after I began taking them. I have not had one sign or symptom of kidney disorder since. Morrow's Liver-cure cured me of sick headache in a few hours, and is better for headache than anything I ever took."

Morrow's Kidney-cure is a great nerve tonic, which acts on the nerves by restoring them to their normal condition without artificial means. We warrant the remedy to do all that we claim it used as we direct.

To confirm the statement of Mrs. Miller we want you to ask her about Morrow's Kidney-cure. She is a grateful woman and will be glad to tell you how much she has benefited by its use. Do not confound Morrow's Kidney-cure with any kind of kidney pills. They are not pills at all, but Yellow Tablets, which is the most scientific of all preparations of medicine, and the purchasers of it should be careful to see that no other remedy is substituted. Larger boxes of "Kidney Cures," so-called, can be had for half the money, but beware. It is good goods you want and cheap goods.

Morrow's Liver-cure is small red pills and cure constipation. They sell for 25 cents a box at Charles E. Guetzko's drug store. The Kidney-cure sell for 50 cents a box.

Descriptive booklet mailed upon request by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

## FIRST WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Henry Crabb Robinson and the Napoleonic Wars—Flight from Mecklenburg—The Dream of Universal Peace.

In those delightful volumes, "The Daily, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," the author writes, in London, October, 1805, of having had several interviews with the celebrated American machinist Fulton, "who invented the catamaran and torpedo, and offered to Bonaparte to destroy the whole English fleet by means of explosives." Dining with him one day Robinson spoke of the perpetual peace of Kant, and Fulton replied: "I believe in the perpetual peace, and I have no doubt war will be put an end to by being rendered so murderous that by common consent it will be abandoned. I could myself make a machine by means of which I could in a few minutes destroy a hundred thousand men."

Almost a century has passed since Fulton uttered this prophecy, and notwithstanding the vast improvements made—in the large battleships, rapid-fire guns, automatic machine guns, smokeless power, field balloons locating position, aided by photography, and electricity—a universal peace still remains "a far-off divine event."

It is interesting to follow the subsequent careers of Fulton and Robinson, both anxious to uphold the lofty and humane ideal of peace.

Robert Fulton, after his failure in France, England and the United States to prove the certain destructiveness of his submarine boat, which he called a torpedo, devoted himself to perfecting the steamboat, and in 1807 demonstrated its practical utility. Robinson, the friend of poets and scholars, the follower of Kant and Schopenhauer, became a year the first war correspondent. In his account of his work, while filling that position, one sees the vast difference between the methods of the old-time correspondent and the methods of today.

It was during 1807, Robinson was sent by the London Times to Altona, in Holstein. His articles, dated "From the Banks of the Elbe," were published in the Times, from March to September of that year. Napoleon had defeated the Prussians and advanced into Poland. The French had already taken Hamburg, and Holstein, a dependency of Denmark, was neutral ground. In Altona, its capital, Robinson was to stay "as long as it continued to be secure."

It was arranged that the correspondent should receive all the public documents at the disposal of the editor of the Hamburg Correspondent, and also the benefit of important information, which the censors of the German press would not allow to be made public. Robinson alludes to the difficulty of obtaining reliable information and says: "We are as often taken in by certain intelligence of Russian and Prussian victories as you can be."

Notwithstanding the apparent neutrality of Denmark, the post from Altona to England was stopped, so the letters were sent on the two post mornings of each week, through the English minister, under cover to the foreign office and delivered to the Times.

He writes of the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, and of the peace of Tilsit, July. The events becoming more disastrous, the English minister was obliged to leave, and Mr. Robinson writes: "Had I left Altona then I could not have been accused of cowardice," but he remained until warned by a friend that all Englishmen were to be arrested. It is amusing to read the account of his discomforts, given by this first war correspondent. He escaped to a small Mecklenburg port, where he secured passage to Stockholm. "I made my voyage, which lasted five long days, in a poor little vessel with a cargo of salt fish on board. There was no passenger but myself, and the crew consisted of only four or five, including boys. One night we had a storm, and I was shut up alone in the cabin. I never before felt such entire wretchedness."

From Sweden, September 21, 1807, I set out on my journey to Copenhagen, having bought a conveyance, with whip and other appointments, which cost me about £4. The peasants are obliged to supply horses, and I paid 5d. per hour for each stage of about seven miles. My driver was sometimes a man or a girl, but sometimes also a woman or girl. On September 30 he began his voyage home again, and landed at Denmark. He remained until warned by a friend that all Englishmen were to be arrested. It is amusing to read the account of his discomforts, given by this first war correspondent. He escaped to a small Mecklenburg port, where he secured passage to Stockholm. "I made my voyage, which lasted five long days, in a poor little vessel with a cargo of salt fish on board. There was no passenger but myself, and the crew consisted of only four or five, including boys. One night we had a storm, and I was shut up alone in the cabin. I never before felt such entire wretchedness."

The enterprise of the London Times in sending Mr. Robinson abroad was commended, and his services were so satisfactory that on his return he was invited to remain in the service of the paper as a sort of foreign editor, to translate from the foreign papers, and write on foreign affairs.

In 1808 the Spanish revolution having broken out, the Times needed a correspondent in Spain, and Mr. Robinson was sent. He landed at Corunna, July 21. The town was in great disorder, excited by the joyful news of the surrender of a French army in the south under Marshal Dupont. "My business," says Robinson, "was to collect news and to send it by every vessel that left the port, and I spent the time between the reception and transmission of intelligence in translating the public documents and writing comments." These letters were dated "Stones of the Bay of Biscay" and "Corunna," the first appeared August 9, 1808, and the last on January 26, 1809. On August 4, he writes of the surrender of Dupont's army; August 5, of the flight of Joseph Napoleon from Madrid. He is enthusiastic in praise of the forces of Spain whose cause had his entire sympathy.

On the 12th of October the first of a series of events took place which mark one of the most memorable periods of my life. On that day English troops were landed and proceeded into the interior to join Sir John Moore. He was followed, and in a letter to the Times, January 6, 1809, Mr. Robinson says: "Both English and Spanish seem to be seriously alarmed, not for the fate of the country alone, but for the town and themselves. Our streets swarm with English officers; but the gentry and splendor which first graced their entrance into Spain have given way to a men and air certainly more congenial with the hard business of war."

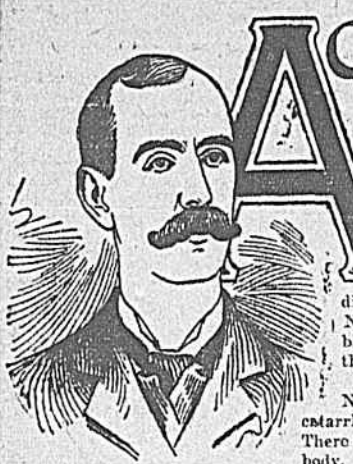
On January 16, he wrote his last letter to the Times, and thus describes his last day in Corunna: "On going to dine at the hotel, I found the table d'hôte filled with English officers. After a time, on looking round I saw that the room was nearly empty—not a redcoat to be seen. In the morning the victory was said: 'Have you not heard?' The French are come; they are fighting." This was the celebrated battle of Corunna, during which Sir John Moore was killed. He continued to go on board, and one vessel was judiciously stationed by the captain on the outside, so that we might have no difficulty in making our escape."

Though the vessel remained not far from the shore, it does not seem that the correspondent heard of the death of the famous English commander, nor any particulars of the battle.

The present-day war-correspondent is not willing to go forward where the fight is hottest. In the late Spanish-American war, the reckless dash of those who went forward in the interest of the papers they represented, is substituted by a more conservative policy. They appeared unconscious of personal danger.

## Diligence in Business.

Catarrrhal troubles destroy energy and make success difficult.



is natural to Americans. A lazy American is generally a diseased man; more than likely he is suffering from some phase of catarrh. The lassitude that makes work impossible is a most trying thing to cope with. The possessor of it gets no sympathy. In these days of hurry the man who is not diligent in business stands little show. Normal nerves, clean membranes, pure breath, a good stomach; possessing these success becomes possible. Ignorance about catarrh is universal. Nine-tenths of our people to-day think catarrh in the head is all there is to catarrh. There may be catarrh in any organ of the body. Catarrh is an American disease; it is mailed free by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O. It tells many new and important things about catarrh, and how the great prescription, Pe-ru-na, has been curing it for forty years. Write for it.

The experience of Mr. J. B. Wheatley, of Columbus, O., in trying to get an insurance policy and curing his catarrh with Pe-ru-na is very convincing. Here is Mr. Wheatley's letter and picture.

Pe-ru-na Medicine Company. COLUMBUS, O., July 17, 1897.

DEAR SIR:—In the spring of 1896 I applied for a policy with one of our leading life insurance companies and was rejected on account of kidney trouble. Realizing that the trouble originated with catarrh, with which I had been afflicted for some time, I began to treat the catarrh, but without success until I began taking your preparation, Pe-ru-na. After a treatment of some three months I find no traces of catarrh, and the kidneys are so much better that my application for life insurance has been accepted. My health in every way is very much improved, and I feel that I cannot recommend Pe-ru-na too highly.

Very truly, J. B. WHEATLEY.

Mr. Wheatley's experience is no exception. Pe-ru-na's cures are everywhere. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na, the national remedy for all phases of catarrh.

Not Interested in the Subject.

Louisville Times: One of the most popular of the young professors in the male high school tells an amusing story of a small, up-to-date schoolgirl. She went to one of the district schools, over which a cousin of the professor presides. It is usual to have visitors call at the building now and then, and ask the scholars questions. One day a party of callers came in and requested the pupils to write the answers to several questions propounded them. "One of these questions was: 'Tell what you know about Admiral Dewey's great fight.'"

The children set to work figuring on their answers, but the teacher noticed one of the girls did not make a move to do so.

"Why don't you write your answer to the question?" she demanded of the idle pupil.

"Taint no use," was the slow response. "I don't know nothing about it."

"But," remonstrated the teacher, "you must try anyhow; you must not let them ride while the others are doing the best they can. See if you cannot think of something, my dear."

"No use," protested the pupil. "All I know is that Dewey and Corbett fought, and I don't know which whipped, and I don't care, either."

From Two View-points.

Detroit Free Press: These two fair Detroit girls have been boon companions on the doll-baby period to the

present, but they are unfortunate enough to admire the same young man and an acute crisis is imminent. One called upon the other recently while she was eagerly reading a letter, the tell-tale envelope on the table showing from whom it came.

"What does he say?" asked the caller in a chilled voice. "I used to think his letters tiresome. He always struck me as too practical, as though sentiment had no dreamy desert of life."

"Oh, I don't know. This strikes me as rather fine, and she read in tones that had a ring of triumph: 'I am sure that your sweet love will help to carry me across the dreary desert of life.'"

"And you like that?" I must say I admire your powers of criticism: Why, dear, it sounds just as though he took you for a camel."

"Better to be taken for a camel than not to be taken at all," and her attempt to laugh lightly was heroic. "But how will this do?" and she read again: "You are the beacon light of my future, at once my guide and incentive."

"Perhaps I'm wrong, darling, but that sounds like an ugly stab at your red hair. But I'm glad that you enjoy your letters. I never did. Now do come and see me soon," and such is woman's power over self that they kissed at the door. But two mothers listened to bitter confidences that night.

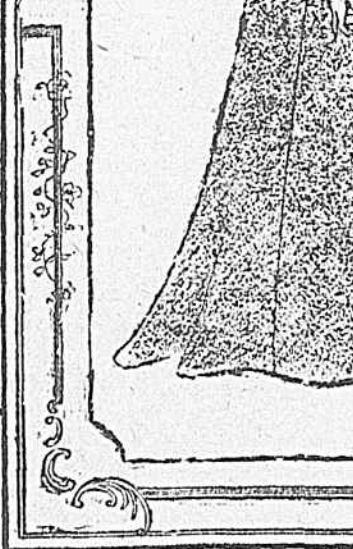
The Heartless Man.

"John," she said, as they sat beside the radiator and shivered, "I'm afraid your love for me is growing cold."

"Why, darling?" he asked, "what has put that ridiculous idea into your head?"

"Just because it happened to be 21 below when you left the house this morning. You didn't take off your glove and throw a kiss at me before you turned the corner."

WHAT'S the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.



Shift Waist and Habit Skirt from Harper's Bazar.

The shift-waist design, published with habit-skirt, in this issue, and taken from Harper's Bazar, is modeled up on the latest design for the coming season. It has a pointed back yoke, from the point of which six narrow box-pleats extend to the waist-line. The front of the waist is without a yoke, but it has a group of outward-turning tucks on each side of the centre box-pleat. The sleeves are easy-fitting about the upper arm, and fit almost like a glove. The pattern consists of six pieces, carefully marked and numbered. In using the Bazar patterns our readers are cautioned to observe the following rules: Always begin to sew bodice seams from the waist-line up, and if the garment extends below the waist, begin again at the waist-line, and sew downward. In applying collars or cuffs, always begin at the centre of the back, and stitch first one side

and then the other. Full collar, collar and belt pieces accompany all patterns which call for such portions.

To make this shift-waist of silk it will require 4½ yards, 20 inches wide; or to make it of gingham or organdie 30 inches wide, it will require 3½ yards.

The skirt will be found an excellent model for a front-gored skirt, and is well adapted for the use of the front breadth, where a flap is added which serves for the button-holes. This pattern, which is published by Harper's Bazar, will prove an aid, or for linen, gingham, or other wash fabrics which have a heavy body.

To make this skirt for a person of medium size requires 4½ yards of material 44 inches wide.

## WIPING OUT OF SULKY SAM.

Tale of the Evil Eye in the Pit of the Wounded at El Caney.—He Enjoyed the Pain of Others, and Trouble Always Followed When he was Offended.

New York Sun: In a long depression of the ground at El Caney, a kind of lane bank-protected, there lay a number of soldiers wearing tags and ends of uniforms. Some were regulars; some were volunteers. Very few, indeed, boasted a blouse. Some had on blue shirts, but a large number were in undershirts and trousers, so irresistibly had been the impulse to throw away every possible weight in the march. But their clothes did not matter. The men had been hauled in from the jungle, where they had fallen by dozens before the Mauser rifles, while as yet they were unable to advance and retrieve the line. Some were badly hurt, some mortally and some were dead. There they lay together, waiting for the doctors with magnificent equanimity, for the affair had been sudden, and the doctors were not yet up to the front.

"This," said a regular, with a bullet in his knee, "would have made Sulky Sam laugh loud, if ever he could laugh loud."

"Who was 'Sulky Sam'?" said his neighbor, nursing a broken arm.

"Sulky Sam," said the other, making himself as comfortable as he could in the bank. "Sulky Sam was the naturally meanest—you haven't got a name for him?"

"No," said the other, "told you twice I hadn't."

"Not in the wrong pocket? Fellers sometimes leaves a chew forgot in the wrong pocket."

"There ain't none; I've felt and felt," said the soldier, somewhat irritably.

A sharp cry of pain came from the fallen ranks near them.

"He's bad," said the first man. "I guess he won't last for the doc. That was a hot time."

"Why would 'Sulky Sam' have enjoyed this sort of fun?"

"Because he was a natural devil! He liked to make fellers feel bad, damn him. Well, he's in here in anyhow. When our outfit was in Wyoming, he joined with a batch of rookies. They'd been three weeks marching up to the post, and by the time they got up to us every rookie hated Sam, and was afraid of him."

"A bruiser he blowed! Sulky Sam never would put up his fists nor hardly open his mouth, either. He was just mean, all through. When he laughed as though he was laughing at you, he was laughing at you. When he spoke at all he had no good word for the country—he was furrin'—nor the army, nor his own people, nor nobody. Yet, he wasn't sassy; he just—I dunno—sort of sneered at you. As his his, which, I'll tell you, was a damned eyes. He didn't often look at you, but when he did you felt like giving him one for pursuing to be human. Then eyes made the rookies afraid. Sulky Sam never ever hear tell of the evil eye. It's rot, of course. All same, Sulky Sam had the evil eye. The way they found out was at Fort Laramie, on the road up."

"Tommy Carroll—Apples Carroll," cause he was the best of the best, the post trader, and came back to the camp gay. Apples was happy, an' singin' as a baby with an old shoe when he was drunk, but that time, soon's he saw Sulky Sam he went for him just as quick as he could. Apples' sneering eyes saw him, and he belted Sam good, too. What happened? Well, Apples was down with typhoid fever the next day, and had to be left in 't' hospital at Fort Laramie. That was the matter, but this 'evil beast' seemed to like to see fellers suffer, or in trouble—enjoyed it, too, took an interest in it, damn him, liked to look on. So one of them rookies got his ankle broke nosing after Jack Carroll, and he went on to the post with Sam and another man and a blanket to bring him in. The rookie was in a mean agony, and Sam grinned. 'Tother feller says he was grinning all the time. Apples was in a mean agony, and went out of the road a yard to find a rock to trip over. The rookie screamed out:

"'Be careful, my man,' says the officer. 'Soon the rookie screams out again, and curses Sam."

"You're an awkward lout," says the officer. "Be careful!"

Rookie screams again.

"You did that on purpose," yelled the officer, and makes them lay the rookie out. Apples says that Sam, Sulky Sam, place himself. What happened? Officer shot a deer on the march next day; tried to load it on a mule, and was kicked all to pieces. Sulky Sam hung around while they were dressing him on the ground, pretending to help, but his sneer and his eyes and the way he enjoyed himself was disgusting. So the rookies were afraid of him. Everything that displeased that yellow devil was sure to be revenged. Sam was soon why a rookie groveled at him for not bringing in his fair share of the wood to camp one night. Sam grinned, and looked at him, and the next day a wagon wheel rolled over the rookie's foot. There was a heap of accident in that batch that came into Moynock in the early eighties.

"Say, there's that poor devil screaming again. The doc's a long time coming. I guess he won't last. He was hit in the stomach. Say, I wonder if he's got any tabac. I've asked everybody else near, and it seems rough to bother him."

"Well," said the man with the broken arm, grinning. "Talking's better than lying still. What became of Sulky Sam?"

"We'll, he was sulkier and sneeringer than ever when he joined the troop, and he was sulkier and sneeringer and meaner than ever before. Sam wasn't three months in the barracks before every man in garrison avoided him, and who's more like the rookies, who were afraid of him. Sam never got drunk, didn't chew and never gambled. The only thing human about him was that he was lazy, which was a blessing for us, for he shirked himself into trouble at last. The evil-eye worked successfully in garrison as on the march. One day the sergeant in charge of barracks jumped on him for not sweeping under his bunk, jumped on him savage. Sam looked and grinned, and the next day the sergeant was shot through the heart at the target butts while marking. For that, but, bless you, the evil-eye racket is rot, of course, and we don't like to look superstitious. Soon the whole garrison was down on him; officers, too, for it was creepy to see him with his yellow face wandering around us, alone, shivering, and looking at the children running screaming from him. He got to be a agitator, too, and though he didn't drink much himself, he was tickled to death to see other fellows get drunk and make trouble. He'd spend his money on the march on raw rookies, and talk to 'em until they thought the officers was robbing them right and left, and egg 'em on to insubordination. Then the devil would go down to the guard-house and grin at them through the bars. But it was the sight of pain he loved. That's why he'd like to have seen that poor chap there. He's screaming again. I wonder if he's got any tabac. Sign of pain, hold up of pain, was what Sam liked. If a feller's horse fell upon him, or there was an amputation at the hospital thereabouts would Sulky Sam be, listening to the graps and groans, and sneering over them. But it was his face. Oh, he'd have loved this, Sam would."

"There's a man in the Book what had his hand against every one an' every one's hand against him. He was own brother to Sam. But I'm durned if I weren't sort of scared to be durned to it either. Something would happen to us—it always did, though of course all

## How Relief Came.

This is the sequel of a terrible calamity which affected many sections of the country some years ago. A host of victims suffered disease and death. The survivors have now a new reason to rejoice.

About seven years ago the La Grippe visited various sections of the country in its deadly might scattering disease and death among its hosts of victims.

Most of those afflicted who escaped death then, have lived on in suffering, broken in health and ambition; for the after-effects of this disease are dangerous.

A large portion of the survivors have a feeling of oppression in the chest, a violent action of the heart, described as "palpitation."

There is mental anxiety, depression, blueness of the skin, indicating impaired circulation of the blood.

The sluggishness of its circulation impairs the functions of most of the organs; the stomach and intestines fail to perform their work, while the appetite and digestion become seriously affected.

This complaint has baffled eminent physicians and exhausted the results of pharmacopoeia.

Recently, however, a means for a cure has been obtained.

Among those who have been restored to health by it is Herman H. Eviler, of 811 W. Main Street, Jefferson, Mo., a resident of that city for thirty-eight years, well known as a successful contractor.

He was one of the victims of the "Grippe" seven years ago and has since been troubled with its after-effects.

"That he lives to-day," he says, "is due to a remarkable occurrence. I was afflicted with a malady just after the 'Grippe' visited this section and caused so

many fatalities about seven years ago. "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. "I tried different doctors and carefully followed their directions, but no benefit was apparent. I used numerous remedies that were highly recommended but no satisfactory results were obtained. "I began to give up all hope, receiving relief. My condition was deplorable. "In reading a St. Louis newspaper, I noticed an article extolling Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "After making inquiries regarding them I concluded to give the pills a thorough trial. "I used the first box and was wonderfully relieved. "I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "A marked improvement was soon noticeable; the shortness of breath, the palpitation of my heart and kindred ailments began to abate. "After taking four boxes of these pills, I was restored to good health. "I feel like a new man now, and can transact my business with increased animation. "To add strength to his story Mr. Eviler made affidavit before Notary Public Adam Poutsong and he will gladly answer inquiries to those enclosing stamp for reply. "The reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are helpful in such cases as this is that they are composed of vegetable remedies which act directly on the impure blood, the foundation of disease.

ready making a funeral ceremony of it. 'Ry! Aim! Fire!' "There was a fearful screech—a hoarse, man, like a mad wolf's, and we knew no more. A clouded our guns thoroughly, the glass crashed and we all saw Sam's face forward on the bar. The chief dashed in, upset a can of kerosene, fired it and was out again, and before the town people could cry 'Fire!' we were off at the double time to the post. We halted nearby and cleaned our guns thoroughly, and by half after twelve they were locked in their racks. There was a check roll call about two when the sheriff called up the colonel, but we were all asleep, not a man missing from garrison and not a cleared our guns for inspection. And that was the end of it. "There came a last cry of agony from the tortured soldier. "I guess it's taps for him," said the man with the bullet in his knee, and they watched the stiffening figure, a chap—rest to him, Say—will you?"

The broken-armed man nodded and crawled away, soon crawling back. "He had a place," he said. "Thank the Lord!" said the other, as he took a big chew of tobacco. "An them the doc's?"

NATIONAL COUNCIL

OF Women Brave Inclement Weather. Education in Citizenship.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 16.—There was only a small attendance at the national council of women to-day owing to continued inclement weather. Mrs. Sewall, the retiring president, in opening the session, hoped for a speedy evening of the banner of peace with the flags of the country. The feature of the forenoon's session was an informal report of the committee on education in citizenship presented by Mrs. Fane Humphreys Gaffney, of New York City, the president-elect of the national council. She referred to the war with Spain as exemplifying "an acute attack of patriotism," and deprecated war as a national surgery. She submitted several reports of relief organizations to show that the women did the best they could in the war under existing conditions.

Susan Young Gates, of Utah, from the committee on press, appealed to women to come out more into the arena of thought so long occupied exclusively by men.

Hannah G. Solomon, of Illinois, reported on work in behalf of social peace and international arbitration and after fraternal greetings from other organizations, including one from the modern congress to do, there are grave fears that the railroads in this neighborhood will be again completely blocked. Great apprehension is also felt that a flood in the upper Potomac river will occur because of the ice forges and high water.

More Snow at Cumberland.

CUMBERLAND, Md